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Original Communications.

THE CITY OF SEVILLE.

THE arrival of the Spanish chief Espartero, the Duke of Victory, among us, was preceded by the melancholy intelligence that the fine city of Seville had been bombarded by his orders. That a city which is densely peopled should be subjected to such a visitation must always shock humanity; but attention is more especially fixed on the circumstance when the place assailed is so ancient, so splendid, and so famous as Seville.

This city, called in Spanish *Sevilla*, and in Latin *Hispalis*, the capital of the province, or as it was formerly called, the kingdom of the same name, was one of the largest and handsomest in Spain. Its antiquity is so great that we find it mentioned by Strabo and Pomponius Mela, Pliny and Ptolemy, as being ancient even when they wrote. Hercules, Bacchus, the

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Hebrews, and the Chaldeans, have been named among its founders, but in this matter no proof can be obtained. It became a Roman colony, and was called 'Julia Romula,' or 'Little Rome.' It was afterwards subject to the Gothic kings, who made it the place of their residence; and in 582 it participated in the rebellion of Ermenegild, son of King Leudivigild. In 711 it opened its gates to the Moors, and in 1027 it supported the rebellion of the Moor who was its governor in favour of the King of Cordova, whom it proclaimed King of Seville. In 1144, having been previously subdued, it again rebelled and chose itself a king, whose descendants united Cordova to their new dominions. Aben Hut, the last of the kings of that race, being assassinated at Almeria, and Ferdinand II and Leon having seized upon Cordova and Jaen in 1236, it threw off all authority, formed itself into a republic, and was governed by its own laws. It was

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conquered by Ferdinand II in 1247, after a whole year's determined resistance, Nov. 23, 1248. From that date Seville has always formed a part of the dominions of the kings of Castile.

It is situated on a beautiful and extensive plain, on the banks of the Guadalquivir. Its shape is circular, and its circumference, as it was left by the Romans, is marked by a wall, more than a league in circuit, flanked by 176 towers. There are twelve gates, that of Triana being of Doric architecture, and ornamented with columns and statues. Over one of the gates is the following inscription:—

"Condidit Alcides renovavit Julius urbem,
Restituit Christo Fernandus Tertius Heros."

The streets are narrow, crooked, and ill paved, but the houses are well built, and including those of the suburbs amount to about 12,000. It is believed the number of inhabitants is from 90,000 to 100,000. There are 84 convents and 24 hospitals. Many of the houses have long courts, surrounded by galleries or columns, with fountains in the middle. In summer the families live in the galleries or courts, where they spread tents. There are many squares, the best of which are those of *La Lanza*, or the Exchange, the Hotel de Ville, the Arsenal at the entrance of the harbour, with the Custom house and the Gold house, in which the gold and silver brought from the Indies are deposited. There are fine suburbs, and a handsome promenade called Alameda, having three walks planted with trees, and ornamented with seats and fountains. This city is the see of an archbishop, and contains the public ecclesiastical edifices. The cathedral, constructed by Guever, the Moor, in 1568, is much admired for its lofty tower, which was originally 250 feet high, and to this height 150 feet have since been added, while the ascent is so easy and the space so great that two horsemen may ride up to the top side by side. It is surmounted by the Giralda, or brazen image, which with its palm branch weighs nearly a ton and a half, and yet turns with the slightest variation of the wind. The cathedral measures 420 feet by 263. The height is 126 feet. It was erected in the year 1401. Four score windows, formed of painted glass, furnish the interior with more than "a dim religious light." Each of these cost 1,000 ducats. They are the work of Arnau, of Flanders.

This church is very rich. One altar is wholly composed of silver, with all its ornaments, as are the images, large as life, of St Isidore and Leander, and a custodia or tabernacle for the host, more than four yards high, adorned with forty-eight columns; yet these are greatly surpassed in value by the gold and precious stones deposited by the piety and zeal of Catho-

lics during the period in which all the wealth of a newly-discovered world flowed into this city. The profusion of gold, silver, and diamonds would be more striking were not the attention occupied by the innumerable pictures which grace its walls, the works of those Spanish masters who flourished immediately after the revival of the art in Seville. Every chapel preserves monuments of their superior skill. Of these the most conspicuous are the works of Luis de Vargas of Fr Zurbaran, and the far-famed Murillo. By the last there is a Nativity in the chapel of the Conception, and near the baptismal font St Anthony of Padua, with the baptism of Christ.

The construction of the organ is peculiar. It contains 5,300 pipes, with 110 stops, being, as it is said, fifty more than are contained in the celebrated one of Haarlem, yet so ample are the bellows when stretched, that they supply the full organ for fifteen minutes. The mode of filling them with air is rather singular. Instead of working with his hands, a man walks backwards and forwards along an inclined plane about fifteen feet in length, which is balanced in the middle on its axis. Under each end is a pair of bellows of about six feet by three and a half. These communicate with five other pair connected with a box, and the latter are so contrived that when they are in danger of being over strained, a valve is lifted up and gives them relief. Passing ten times along this inclined plane fills all the vessels.

The manner in which some of the ceremonies of the church are here performed is peculiarly striking. A description of these we reserve for another article.

The soil of Seville is rich; but in consequence of the stagnant waters in and near it putrid fevers are very common. Among its productions liquorice may be mentioned. Not less than two hundred tons of this are exported annually, and it is said a large portion of it is purchased by the brewers of London.

Here, as in many parts of Spain, mendicancy seems to flourish. The impudence of the beggar in 'Gil Blas' is nobly sustained by some of the students in a state of destitution, who are not unfrequently to be found bawling out, "*una limosna para un pobre estudiante*," an alms for a poor student; words which, the "Young American" observes, they utter in a tone and manner that seems to say, "An alms, and be d—d to you!"

Chinese Ingenuity.—If we may credit one of their traditions, the Chinese have lost a very curious secret, by which they could paint their porcelain with fishes, so that the figures never appeared to the eye till the vases were filled with liquor.

NOTES OF A TOUR IN FINLAND
AND RUSSIA.—PART I.

(For the Mirror.)

[ATTENTION is particularly called to the following details of a recent tour. It will be found that the writer had opportunities of collecting much entertaining and useful information which other travellers have passed lightly over, or not been able to obtain.]

From Stockholm to Abo our steam-packet's course lay through a vast archipelago of rocky, pine-clad islands, as barren of other vegetation as can be well imagined, and the navigation was very intricate and not a little dangerous. On reaching Abo, and finding that the St Petersburg steam packet had left some days, we were compelled to undertake the land journey through Finland, and most fortunately encountered a Norwegian gentleman, who, having purchased a spare carriage at Stockholm, kindly made us an offer of its use as far as Petersburg, a favour which we gladly accepted, the more especially as there was combined with it the pleasure of very agreeable society during our journey, and access to the services of a retinue of domestics speaking all the requisite languages. Abo is the most commercial town of Finland, and possesses many handsome buildings.

We proceeded on our way, but on the second evening of the journey, in consequence of having been delayed by sandy roads, a terrific thunder-storm overtook us. The night was excessively dark, and the occasional flashes of lightning only tended to show more distinctly its pitchy blackness, while the rain fell on us as if the string of a shower bath had been pulled. The plunges of the carriages down the hills were absolutely fearful, but, more indebted to good fortune than aught besides, we escaped with the harmless upsetting of one carriage of the cavalcade, and arrived after midnight at our resting station perfectly saturated by the deluge.

Helsingfors is said to be a miniature duplicate of St Petersburg, and is a peculiarly handsome little town, and has been much improved since its dependence on Russia, and since it became the capital of Finland. One of the medical gentlemen of the place kindly conducted us through the University, which is an extensive and elegant building. An observatory stands on one of the hills in the immediate neighbourhood, and we beheld from it, in the roadstead, five Russian vessels of war covered with gay flags in honour of the fête of St Alexander Nevskoi, of which that day happened to be the anniversary. The scenery hitherto, since leaving Abo, has been little varied, consisting chiefly of rocky hills covered with pine trees, between

which lie log villages surrounded by patches of cultivated and meadow land.

There was nothing to vary these objects unless where the scattered birch trees, whose leaves had been changed by the early frosts of night, stood like giant laburnums with their yellow foliage; and these, contrasting well with the dark pines, seemed like the vegetable gold and emerald setting of those rocky mountains.

The Finlanders are certainly not a handsome race, but are interesting by means of their quiet simplicity, integrity, and poverty. Happening to pass through a part of their country on Sunday, we met great numbers of the peasantry *en route* to church, with their bibles under one arm and their shoes and stockings, after the Irish fashion, under the other. It would no doubt greatly grieve the sanctified spirit of Sir Andrew Agnew to learn that, though a law has existed for above 200 years in Finland prohibiting Sunday travelling, it has, for more than half a century past, been a dead letter in the Statute Book.

The Finlanders are a rather undervalued race of people, and a cavalcade of them, with their small carts and still smaller horses, might, without much stretch of imagination, be taken for so many Orkney or Highland cottagers. At Borga, where we slept, a pleasing anecdote is related of the late Emperor Alexander during his journey through Finland many years since. The Czar was, at an early hour of the morning, enjoying as usual his cigar at the hotel window, when he observed an old man advance and survey very inquisitively his travelling carriage. The sentinel on duty was about to repulse him, when the Emperor interfered, and familiarly inquired the object of his curiosity. The man proved to be the vehicle maker of the little town, and on the Emperor asking how he liked the carriage, he replied that it was "passably good," but not at all like he could have made it. The Emperor's humour happening to be amused with the self-sufficiency of the obscure village cart-maker, ordered him to be furnished with everything needful for building a handsome carriage. The order was duly executed, and the carriage reached St Petersburg, where it had the merit of being very unlike all the others, and though not the most elegant, was no doubt the most curious, both from its history and form, in the imperial stables.

The small town of Fredericksham, through which we passed, is chiefly known by its having been the place in which the Swedish commissioners arranged the treaty which, more than thirty years since, gave over Finland to Russia. The change which takes place in the appearance of the inhabitants on leaving that part of Finland which is still called Swedish is very

marked. The half Calmuc, half Esquimaux features, the long beards, sheep-skin dresses, and the excessive filth and apathy of the Russian Finlanders, make indeed a very disagreeable impression on the stranger. Viburg, through which we next passed, was, at a remote period, colonised from Germany, and still bears traces of a style of building materially differing from the Russian, while in respect to language it is a little modern Babel, where four distinct tongues are very generally spoken by the inhabitants, viz., German, Swedish, Finnish, and Russian. The hotel at Viburg is so good, that it is one of the most desirable resting-places on the whole route from Abo to St Petersburg.

In Western Finland we met with moderate cleanliness, and always with extreme civility in the small posting inns where we stopped to rest or take meals; but after passing Viburg this ceased to be the case, and the horrors of a sleepless night passed in a miserable inn, about thirty miles from St Petersburg, will not readily be forgotten.

Eastern Finland is much more level in surface than the western district, and the same interminable pine forests meet the eye in every direction, without the agreeable variety afforded by mountain and valley in the latter.

The posting arrangements of Swedish Finland are excellent, and even where no courier had been sent in advance we never were detained for horses, the charge for which seems so ridiculously low, that from Abo to St Petersburg, a distance of about 650 versts, or 420 English miles, our expense for two horses certainly did not exceed a hundred rubles, or about 4*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* English, a sum scarcely sufficient to convey a carriage from London to Brighton.

Our fellow traveller, who kindly undertook to manage the paying department for us, often translated to me the expressions of thanks made by the rustic post-boys on receiving 20 copecks (which is 2*d.*) for having driven a stage of 16 versts, such as "I am your grateful servant for life," or some other phrase equally strong; and though at first sceptical as to whether such a trifle could really excite these feelings, yet, on attentively studying the triumphant smiles which the boys exchanged with each other on receiving this reward, the satisfaction expressed by their words was fully confirmed by the expression of their youthful faces, which would hardly deceive, as they were

"Just at the age, 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth."

One of the little Finnish Jehus was so diminutive that a friend, M. de M., jocularly presumed to question his capability to drive, which, naturally enough, roused the urchin's feelings, and caused

him to boast of having once driven a carriage with four horses, and on being cross-questioned as to who was in the carriage, he replied, with perfect candour and simplicity, "Mr Demidoff's dog, and all his kitchen utensils."

So much pleasure do trifles afford here that any philanthropist, whose means to afford gratification to his fellow creatures are more limited than his desires, might gladden the hearts of a score of little Finlanders while travelling in this country by what an English postilion would receive with dissatisfaction.

Everything in Finland is, however, proportionably low, for horses may be purchased at from 3*l.* to 4*l.* English each, and, on inquiring the cost of wooden houses, I was informed that an inn of several rooms in which we had comfortably slept in Swedish Finland, might have cost about 10*l.* to build, and one of very superior appearance which was pointed out, scarcely more than 20*l.*

It is certainly more agreeable to reckon one's progress along a road by Russian versts than it is by English miles, for the distance-posts being passed more rapidly, the gain in pleasure is somewhat similar to that which one feels in skimming the pages of a modern book in large type, over which the eye wanders rapidly and pleasantly compared with its progress over the smaller print and more dingy paper of older times.

St Petersburg has so long been ranked as one of the most elegantly-built capitals of Europe, and every traveller's expectations are consequently raised so high that it can scarcely be hoped the reality will always equal the panorama which an over-active fancy has painted. To enter any capital jaded by a long journey is also an unfavourable circumstance, yet on reaching the long wooden bridge which crosses the Neva, the appearance of that noble river, the splendid granite quays, and the innumerable public buildings by which they are lined, almost realized our high expectations, for even the most travelled visitor has nothing superior with which to compare them. This first impression has now been sobered by some days' residence, yet still, the number and magnificence of the public buildings, as well as the spaciousness of some of the streets and the fresh stone-coloured hue which has been recently given to every house, continue to excite an agreeable impression. It would be ungrateful too minutely to analyze these sources of satisfaction, by saying that the buildings generally are merely brick, plaster, and whitewash, or that the plaster of Petersburg is not at all times equal to that called "of Paris." Time, reason, and daylight are ad destroyers of enthusiasm, and it is therefore

more pleasurable to retain the first impressions of St Petersburg, which novelty, moonlight, and imagination supply.

"He who would view the city aright,
Must visit it by the pale moonlight."

—That light is just sufficient to enable one to see the beauties without exposing the blemishes, and the shadow which each colonnade then casts against the wall appears as a duplicate range of pillars standing in the background by command of the moon, and in despite of the architect.

We soon found ourselves exalted on the gilded spire of the admiralty, and surrounded by its hundred whitewashed saints gazing upon the city around.

This is the true panoramic point of view, and embraces all the numerous palaces, domes, gilded spires, and green-painted cupolas of the city.

These foreground attractions are bounded by a flat forest country in all directions, such as courts not the eye to wander beyond the limits of the city, except indeed, that where the Neva was seen flowing into the Gulf of Finland a certain number of vessels added variety to the scene in that direction.

Churches are among the principal objects of interest in every city where either the Catholic or the Greek religion prevails, and St Petersburg certainly possesses many of much beauty. Of these the most striking at present is the Cazan church; but the Isaacs church, which has now long been in progress, will, when completed, almost rival the colossal church of Rome itself.

Though sufficiently gorgeous is the interior of a Catholic church generally, that of one of the Greek faith is even more so, in so far at least as gilding may bestow lustre on them, for the quantity of it which surrounds every picture is such that the painting itself appears only as a dark speck amid the glitter of gold. The incessant crossings and never-ending prostrations of the devotees proclaim the religion to be one in which the ceremonial is deemed all important. In the prostrations of the more zealous, the lips and forehead are frequently brought into contact with the ground, in much the same manner as is done by Mussulmen, and in moving about we often found it difficult to avoid stepping on persons lying prostrate on the floor. Russians of the lower orders seldom pass by any of the churches without repeatedly crossing themselves, and I one day observed a party of about two hundred soldiers, nearly all of whom went through that ceremony in marching past the Cazan church. Even intoxication does not cause it to be overlooked, and we were rather more amused than religiously impressed by one day seeing a man, in a very advanced stage of drunkenness, go through the usual crossings and prostrations. The

clergy of the Russian Greek church are usually large, stout, coarse-looking men, with huge beards, and very long hair, which is combed to each side from the centre, and conveys a primitive though not very prepossessing appearance.

The Greek church offers an extreme contrast to that of Rome in one respect, namely, that its rules will not permit any of its clergy to remain in a state of celibacy. A Russian priest is, however, only permitted to be "the husband of one wife," and in the event of her death his reverence is compelled to resign the clerical office, and become a monk. The hardship of this regulation is stated to be much felt, and perhaps the only benefit that results from it is, that the health of every priest's helpmate is cared for with a degree of tenderness and anxiety surpassing the ordinary limit of earthly affection. For a priest to lose his wife is in reality to lose the world, and they are consequently stated to exercise an excessive degree of prudence in the selection of their partners. Beauty, amiability, talents, accomplishments, connexions, or wealth, one or other of which other men usually seek for, are all stated to be unimportant in the eyes of a Russian priest, compared with physical constitution.

The tolerant spirit of the Greek church is, perhaps, its chief excellence, and as the confessional is only resorted to once in a season, it has consequently less objectionable minuteness in this respect than its Catholic sister. The Russian priests are not always immaculate, and scarcely even exemplary beyond the limits of the sacristy, and are considered as very generally addicted to inebriety; indeed, their gross figures and unintelligent faces lend some character of probability to that rumour.

The picture gallery of the Hermitage palace is very extensive, and particularly rich in Rembrandts, Vandykes, Teniers, Berchems, and Ruysdaels. One room, which contains nothing but Rembrandts, is absolutely darkened by them, though those lively spots of light which are found in nearly all his works, appear like so many diamonds which only shine the more for being set in his usual coal-black surface. Of these, 'Abraham about to offer Isaac' is a particularly striking picture; and a 'Madonna,' by P. del Vega, as well as 'A Holy Family,' of small dimensions, by Raphael, are also exquisitely pleasing. 'A Domestic Scene,' by P. de Hooge, can scarcely be surpassed in finish and atmospheric effect; and a picture of 'Saint Peter nailed to the Cross,' by Caravaggio, is full of the most powerful expression, resembling so much that on the same subject by Rubens, at Cologne, that it is difficult to imagine but that Rubens must in this case have had Caravaggio's picture in

his mind's eye while painting the great Cologne work. The gallery possesses many pictures by J. Verriet, almost equal to those of Claude.

Some of the cattle pieces by Cuypp are scarcely surpassed by the more celebrated picture of Paul Potter, which is here, and ranks next to the 'Young Bull at the Hague,' among the works of that great master. The almost camel-like hump into which the back of one of the cows (the action of which gives name to this picture) is drawn up, is full of expression, and such as has almost nowhere else been attempted. If, however, Paul Potter has excelled all others in the vigorous expression of his bulls, it may, perhaps, on the other hand, be admitted that Cuypp and Vandevelde have portrayed more completely the quiet, and almost benevolent expression of the lowing cow. I must not, however, venture to pursue this subject, least the same interpretation might be met with, which a simple youth once received from a lady on remarking while crossing a field, and in the absence of other matter for conversation, that a cow was a motherly-looking animal,—“Yes,” replied the lady, “a cow must, no doubt, appear very motherly to a calf.”

LIFE OF OEHLenschLAGER, THE DANISH POET.

(Continued from last week.)

This is not the only extravagant sally of vanity in which the Scandinavian indulges. He fairly quarrelled, for instance, with the Danish ambassador, because he would not take his word for his own identity, without his passport. Leaving these follies, however, we now accompany him on his long-looked-for visit to Italy. A bright sunshine seems spread over this portion of his life. The sight of the Alps, he says, exceeded all the visions of them which his imagination had formed. In Parma he visited the frescos of Correggio in the churches of St Joseph and St John:—

“As I was gazing at the cupola,” says he, “through my spectacles, the church gradually filled with persons, who placed themselves on their knees about me, and began to pray with fervour. As I wished to give no offence, and at the same time thought it would be a piece of affectation to kneel, I placed myself in a corner, and silently commenced my own devotions. I find my prayer written in my Journal, among long-winded criticisms on art, in these terms: ‘O God, open and purify my heart, to recognize thy greatness, goodness and beauty, in the works of nature and of man. Preserve my country, my king, my love, my friends. Let me not die in a foreign country, but return to my home in peace.

Give me cheerfulness and courage to pursue my path along this fair earth, without hating or despising my neighbour, nor weakly yielding against my own conscience to the prejudices of the world. Let me be a good poet; thou hast formed my mind for art; it is the telescope through which I acquire a nearer intercourse with thy perfections. Let me live in my works like this good Correggio, that when I am dead many a young heart may yet be cheered by my poetical pictures.’ Such was the prayer, neither altered nor improved, which I uttered beneath the cupola of Correggio: the idea of writing a play on the subject of his life—an idea which I had already entertained in Paris, again occurred to my mind; and in Modena, when I saw the little fresco painting over the chimney-piece in the Ducal palace, which had been executed in his seventeenth year, it was finally resolved on.”

The intention was shortly afterwards carried into effect in a play of no ordinary originality and beauty, though based on the simplest and most tranquil elements, in which southern imagery and southern feelings, the pure inspiration of art and the even tenor of a domestic and innocent life, have been caught by the poet, with the same distinctness and grace with which he had already depicted the stern scenery and sterner passions, the warlike heroes and tumultuous life of Scandinavian antiquity. Taking Vasari's (somewhat apocryphal) account of his death as the ground-work, he has delineated with perfect success, and in a style of which “the plainness moves us more than eloquence,” the hopes, visions, and disappointments; the fears from without, the fightings within, as despondency or renewed elasticity of mind obtain the ascendancy, the chequered life and melancholy death of that great artist. Correggio is represented by Oehlenschläger as a quiet, gentle, talented being, but of a weak bodily frame, easily depressed for a moment by censure, as easily restored to cheerfulness by the voice of encouragement; not yet conscious of the full extent of his own talent, but feeling that nature has formed him either to be an artist or nothing; and clinging to art through good report and bad;—calmly, and at a distance from the courts of princes, pursuing in his own village his beloved occupation, and devoting his hard-earned gains to the support of an amiable wife and child. In contrast with Correggio, a timid shrinking child of genius, stands the bold, impetuous, hasty-tempered Michael Angelo; blasting for a time, by a rash sneer uttered in anger, all the visions of hope with which the modest Correggio had been cheering his village solitude; while between both, and linking together these distant extremes, is placed the calmer, kinder, more practical

and common-sense character of Julio Romano, alive to all excellence, however dissimilar to his own. Correggio himself is exhibited also in his domestic relations as a fond husband and father, cheered by these blessings in his humble home, though assailed from without by the envious persecutions of Ottavio, who entertains a criminal passion for his wife, and Battista, the meaner instrument of his master's plans. He is exhibited under all the different moods, of which a mind so gentle is capable, now almost worn out by petty vexations, now consoled by some heavenly dream, or rapt into ecstasy even while bending with fatigue and bodily suffering under the load of copper in which his painting is paid for, by the tints of a rainbow or the glories of the evening sun; and at last, like that setting luminary, expiring tranquilly in the arms of his son, just as the gratitude and patronage of his countrymen, on whom his productions had shed a new lustre, are beginning to show themselves in the distance.

The piece to which Correggio bears most analogy is the Tasso of Goethe, which is to poetry what this tragic Idyll is to painting. But the natural, kind-hearted, simple, and modest Correggio justly excites a warmer interest than the more fiery, self-willed, and somewhat self-conceited being whom Goethe has delineated.

We pass rapidly over the remainder of his stay in Italy, which was distinguished in particular by one incident of a more adventurous nature than is generally met with in a poet's biography, namely, his falling into the river at Tivoli immediately above the cataract, and very narrowly escaping being hurried over into the abyss. The poet, who had now been separated from his country, his friends, and his intended bride, for five years and upwards, naturally began to feel some symptoms of homesickness. The sight of the Alps on his homeward journey was now as delightful to him as it had been on his entrance into Italy, though from another cause. As he approaches the Simplon, he writes as if his spirits rose with every step of his progress. His thoughts are truly poetical:—

“Once more among the old gigantic hills
With vapours clouded o’er;
The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind,
The rocks ascend before.
They beckon me, the giants, from afar,
They wing my footsteps on;
Their helms of ice, their plumage of the pine,
Their cuirasses of stone.
My heart beats high, my breath comes freer forth—
Why should my heart be sore?
I hear the eagle and the vulture’s cry,
The nightingale’s no more.
Where is the laurel, where the myrtle’s blossom?—
Bleak is the path around:
Where from the thicket comes the ring-dove’s
cooing?
Hoarse is the torrent’s sound.
Yet should I grieve? when from my loaded bosom
A weight appears to flow;
Methinks the Muses come to call me home
From yonder rocks of snow.

I know not how—but in yon land of roses

My heart was heavy still.

I startled at the warbling nightingale,

The Zephyr on the hill.

They said, the stars shone with a softer gleam—

It seemed not so to me!

In vain a scene of beauty beamed around,

My thoughts were o’er the sea.”

In his passage through Germany his only anxiety was to revisit Goethe.

He saw him, and the meeting afforded him much pleasure, though it caused some disappointment.

The poet's marriage, long delayed by his wanderings, immediately followed his return. He read his Correggio with much approbation in the Royal Cabinet, and was shortly afterwards named professor extraordinary of *Æsthetics* in the University. Over the remaining part of his life we must pass hastily. He delivered public and private lectures on poetical literature during the winters at Copenhagen, while his leisure was completely filled up by assiduous and varied composition. In 1815 he was made by the king a knight of Dannebrog. In 1817 he made another tour through Germany, reviving old acquaintances, and making new, and in 1827 he was elected ordinary professor and assessor in the Consistory. For fuller details respecting the poet and his works, we refer to the ‘Foreign Quarterly Review,’ of which we have largely availed ourselves in the foregoing article.

DOCTOR SOUTHEY’S PICTURE OF SUNDAY.

—What is the scene in England at this time? All public amusements are prohibited by the demon of Calvinism. The Savoyard, who goes about with his barrel-organ, dares not grind even a psalm-tune upon the sabbath. The old woman who sells apples at the corner of the street has been sent to prison for profanation of the Lord’s-day, by the Society for the Suppression of Vice; the pastrycook, indeed, is permitted to keep his shop-window half open, because some of the society themselves are fond of iced-creams. Yonder goes a crowd to the Tabernacle, as dismally as if they were going to a funeral; the greater number are women;—inquire for their husbands at the ale-house, and you will find them besotting themselves there, because all amusements are prohibited as well as all labour, and they cannot lie down, like dogs, and sleep. Ascend a step higher in society,—the children are yawning, and the parents agree that the clock must be too slow, that they may accelerate supper and bed-time. In the highest ranks, indeed, there is little or no distinction of days, except that there is neither theatre nor opera for them, and some among them scruple at cards. Attempts have even been made to shut up the public ovens on this day, and convert the sabbath into a fast for the poor.



Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth, az., second and third, gu., three antique crowns, or.
Crest. A buck's head erased, or, attired, arg.

Supporters. Two bucks, ppr.

Motto. "Je suis prest." "I am ready."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LOVAT.

DESCENT from the Normans is claimed for the clan Frazer, of which Lord Lovat is the head. Their original name was Frizell, which will be found in the roll of Battle Abbey, and which establishes their claim to rank among the followers of the Conqueror. They originally settled in East Lothian, in Scotland, whence they spread into Tweeddale in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and subsequently into the shires of Inverness and Aberdeen. The then chief of the clan, Oliver Frazer, built the castle which continued long after his time their greatest feudal hold. A lengthened pedigree presents the usual varieties in succession, till the twelfth Lord Lovat introduced a melancholy and memorable feature from the share which he took in the rebellion of 1745. His trial commenced March 9, 1747, when it was proved that he had received a commission from the Pretender. Others were associated with him, and these persons, at their meetings, drank healths, and sung catches, such as "confusion to the white horse and all its generation;" and

"When Jemmy comes o'er,

We shall have blood and blows good store;"

which last were originally composed in Irish.

Many facts implicating him in the treasonable practices of the time were proved, and at the end of seven days he was found guilty. Lord Lovat then desired the lords to recommend him to his majesty's mercy, and said to the managers of the commons, "I hope as ye are stout, ye will be merciful;" and going from the bar, added "God bless you all, I wish you an everlasting farewell, for we shall never meet again in this place."

He received sentence to die, and Thursday the 9th of April was fixed for his execution. He was a man of violent passions, and had led a dissolute life, and at this period was eighty years of age. The following very minute details of the final scene appeared immediately after the event:—

On the fatal morning he woke about three o'clock, and was heard to pray with

great devotion; at five he rose, called for a glass of wine and water as usual, appeared cheerful, sat and read till seven, and then drank another glass of wine and water; at eight he desired his wig might be sent that the barber might have time to comb it out genteelly, and provided himself with a purse to hold the money which he intended for the executioner.

At about half an hour after nine his lordship eat very heartily of minced veal, ordering coffee and chocolate for his friends, whose healths he drank in wine and water.

About eleven the sheriffs sent to demand his body, upon which he desired the gentlemen would retire for a few moments, while he said a prayer, and this being immediately complied with, he presently called for them again, saying "I am ready."

At the bottom of the first pair of stairs, General Williamson invited him into his rooms to rest himself, which he accepted, and on his entrance paid his respects to the company politely, and talked freely. He desired of the general in French that he might take leave of his lady and thank her for her civilities: but the general told his lordship, in the same language, that she was too much affected with his lordship's misfortunes to bear the shock of seeing him, and therefore hoped his lordship would excuse her. He then took his leave and proceeded; at the door he bowed to the spectators, and was conveyed thence to the outward gate, in the governor's coach, where he was delivered to the sheriffs, who conducted him in another coach to the house (hired for the lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, who had lately suffered) near the scaffold, in which was a room lined with black cloth, and hung with sconces for his reception.

His friends were at first denied entrance, but upon application made by his lordship to the sheriffs for their admittance, it was granted. Soon after, his lordship addressing himself to the sheriffs, thanked them for the favour, and taking a paper out of his pocket delivered it to one of them, saying he should make no speech, and that they might give the word of command when they pleased.

A gentleman present beginning to read a prayer to his lordship while he was sitting, he called one of the warders to help him up, that he might kneel: he then prayed silently a short time, and was afterwards again set in his chair; being asked by one of the sheriffs if he would refresh himself with a glass of wine, he declined it because no warm water could be had to mix with it, and took a little burnt brandy and bitters in its stead.

He requested that his clothes might be delivered to his friends with his corpse, and said that for that reason he should give the executioner ten guineas.

He also desired of the sheriffs that his head might be received in a cloth, and put into the coffin, which the sheriffs, after conferring with some gentlemen present, promised should be done; and that the holding up the head at the corners of the scaffold should be dispensed with, as it had been of late years at the execution of lords, as they had no written order to the contrary in the warrant.

When his lordship was going up the steps to the scaffold, assisted by two warders, he looked around, and seeing so great a concourse of people, "God save us," said he, "why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old grey head, that cannot get up three steps without three bodies to support it."

Turning about and observing one of his friends much dejected, he clapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Cheer up thy heart, man; I am not afraid, why should you be?"

As soon as he came upon the scaffold, he asked for the executioner, and presented him with ten guineas in a purse; then desiring to see the axe, he felt the edge, and said "he believed it would do."

Soon after he rose from the chair which was placed for him, and looked at his coffin, on which was written

"SIMON DOMINUS FRASER DE LOVAT,
*Decollat. April 9, 1747,
Ætat. sue 80.*

He then sat down again, and repeated, from Horace,

"Dulce et decorum pro patria mori;"

and afterwards from Ovid,

"Nam genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco—"

He then desired all the people to stand off, except his two warders, who supported his lordship while he said a prayer; after which he called his solicitor and agent in Scotland, Mr William Fraser, and presenting his gold-headed cane, said, "I deliver you this cane in token of my sense of your faithful services, and of my committing to you all the power I have upon earth," and then embraced him. He also called for Mr James Fraser, and said, "My dear

James, I am going to heaven, but you must continue to crawl a little longer in this evil world." And taking leave of both, he delivered his hat, wig, and clothes to Mr William Fraser, and desired him to see that the executioner did not touch them: he ordered his cap to be put on, and unloosing his neckcloth and the collar of his shirt, he knelt down at the block, and pulled the cloth which was to receive his head close to him.

But being placed too near the block, the executioner desired him to remove a little further back, which with the warders' assistance was immediately done, and his neck being properly placed, he told the executioner he would say a short prayer, and then give the signal by dropping his handkerchief. In this posture he remained about half a minute, and then, throwing his handkerchief on the floor, the executioner, at one blow, severed his head from his body, which was received in the cloth, and, together with his body, put into the coffin, and carried in a hearse back to the Tower, where it remained till four o'clock, and was then taken away by an undertaker, in order to be sent to Scotland, and deposited in his own tomb in the church of Kirkcaldy; but leave not being given, as was expected, it was again brought back to the Tower, and interred near the bodies of the other lords.

His lordship professed himself a papist, and at his request was attended by Mr Baker, belonging to the Sardinian ambassador, and though he insisted much on the services he had done the present royal family in 1715, yet he declared, but a few days before his death, that he had been concerned in all the schemes formed for restoring the house of Stuart, since he was fifteen years old.

When he thus resigned his life on the scaffold, Lord Lovat left behind him a son, General Simon Fraser, a brave man, who it appeared had unwillingly been numbered among the friends of the Pretender. He received a free pardon, and subsequently distinguished himself in the British army at Louisbourg and Quebec, and in defence of Portugal, 1762. He died in 1782, and was succeeded by his half-brother, Colonel Archibald Campbell Fraser, of Lovat, who dying without issue, the male representative of the family, as well as the right to its extensive entailed estates, devolved upon the descendant of the Hon. Thomas Fraser, second son of the sixth Lord Thomas Alfred Fraser, of Lovat and Stricken, the twenty-first chief in succession from Simon Fraser, of Inverness-shire, the rights of the house of Lovat and Stricken having centred in him 227 years. After the second son of the sixth Lord Stricken acquired the estate of Stricken, November 2, 1823, he was second nearest and lawful heir of the

body of Hugh Lord Frazer of Lovat, grandfather of Thomas Frazer, of Knoekie and Stricken, second nearest and lawful male heir of Hugh Lord Frazer of Lovat, grand nephew of Thomas Frazer of Beaufort, otherwise Thomas Lord Frazer of Lovat; thirdly, nearest and lawful heir male of Thomas Lord Frazer of Lovat; fourthly, nearest and lawful heir male of Thomas Frazer of Beaufort, otherwise styled Thomas Lord Frazer of Lovat, father of Simon Lord Frazer of Lovat, and grandfather of the Hon. Archibald Frazer of Lovat, and having presented a petition to the King, praying a recognition of his claim to the dignity of Baron Lovat, the same was remitted to the House of Lords, and on the 28th January, 1837, he was created Lord Lovat. His Lordship married, August 6, 1823, Georgiani, eldest daughter of Lord Stafford.

MY PRESENTATION AT COURT.

It was a lovely day when I was presented at Court!

I was blooming and just twenty-one, and my husband was the most amiable of men. Our fortune permitted me to indulge in all the delights of the toilet. I had a handsome allowance, which was increased by the presents I daily received from my husband.

These wanted but one thing to make my happiness complete. Brilliant entertainments were about to be given at Court, and to be invited, it was requisite to be first presented.

Besides Louisa M—, my intimate friend, had just obtained that honour. Every person I knew either had been presented or desired to be. It was absolutely necessary that I should do as they did, and be advanced as they were.

I had scarcely announced this wish to my family, than all made their endeavours to satisfy my desire.

Twenty mantua-makers were engaged on the occasion, who, after cutting, contriving, and fitting on, agreed that a beautiful robe with a long train, together with a superb scarlet mantle, embroidered with gold, should be prepared for the ceremony.

A friend of my aunt, the dowager, read over to me the particular formalities prescribed for such an occasion.

Mr Swing, the eminent dancing master, was engaged, who every day made me repeat the requisite obeisances, with grace, elegance, and dignity.

Three curtsies were to be made in advancing towards the throne; each to be lower as I approached than its predecessor.

The grand day arrived. I had been put to the torture since ten o'clock. My two waiting maids were not deemed sufficient.

Pleasure exhausted all her art in making something extraordinary of a most beautiful head of hair, which now sparkled with diamonds.

As on this great occasion a first-rate *artiste* was necessary, Mr Musk was called in, but his engagements rendered it impossible to wait on me after three in the morning. At that hour he attended, and declared himself almost exhausted by the fatigue he had already endured. He gave me the finishing touch, received his fee, and made his exit; and I, from between three and four in the morning, for fear of disturbing his handiwork, could not venture to lie down, and scarcely dared to leave my chair till the moment arrived for proceeding to the palace.

At last I was pronounced perfectly beautiful; though, I must confess, I felt nearly stifled by the tightness of my waist, which could be spanned by my two hands.

Half an hour previous to starting, all the family were assembled; and I rehearsed before them, in my brilliant costume, the curtsies I had to make in the Royal presence. A large arm chair was placed on a table, and one of my relatives was seated in it to represent the King on his throne.

I advanced gravely towards it, and acted my part so well that I received, and flattered myself I deserved, the unanimous applause of every one.

The carriage was now announced at the door; the coachman flourished his whip, and the horses went like the wind. I entered the palace and mounted the grand staircase. How my heart beat!

I heard on all sides felicitations on my appearance. One said, "what a charming robe!" another, "what a superb mantle!" I made the most courteous acknowledgments to these amiable whisperings; and my head was quite bewildered.

The doors opened and an officer of state called forward the ladies whose names were to be repeated to the King; my turn came at last. I could not move! Some pushed me; others encouraged me; at length behold me in the presence chamber.

I commenced the first curtsy, which went off wonderfully well: but the brilliancy and splendour which surrounded the monarch—the waving of plumes and sparkling jewels—so dazzled me, that I found myself at the foot of the throne after the second curtsy.

What was I to do? the third was not made. Should I go back? should I go on one side?

In my rehearsal this dilemma had not been foreseen.

I had no time to reflect, for somehow or other my feet got entangled in the train of my dress, and in trying to disengage myself, I heard a rent! and in an instant

my splendid equipment was all in tatters. A dizziness came over me; I forgot I was in the presence of the King, and that all the Court were looking at me; for, snatching up my vexatious train under my arm, I absolutely ran out of the chamber with the air of an angry cook, and confounding all court dresses, curtsies, and presentations.

This adventure made some noise at Court. The King and the Princes laughed a good deal at my confusion. The old duchesses considered I had been very indecorous; the young ladies, that I had evinced much ridiculous awkwardness! But they declared that, considering the nature of the accident, I had shown great prudence as well as presence of mind in making my escape, by taking up my train under my arm, and emulating in speed the train of a railway.

IMPROVED SALTING PROCESS.

A BRIEF notice of Mr Carson's little machine appeared in a recent number. We hardly did justice to it, for though small in itself, it may be regarded as of vast importance in husbanding and virtually increasing the quantity of human food.

Some of the facts stated to us in connexion with this invention are such as to stagger belief, if they were not well vouched for, and if the means of testing them were not constantly at hand. We are assured, for instance, that the instrument charged with the pickle being applied to a round of beef, already tainted and supposed to be spoiled, saved it, and rendered it sweet and wholesome. The process is thus explained:—At the commencement of decomposition, a fetid gas is generated in the fibres of the meat, whence it passes in a regular current to the surface. This current, if met in the first instance by the power of Mr Carson's instrument, is rendered inoperative. The foul gasses are overpowered and expelled, and the meat is charged with the preserving composition (the usual pickle or fluid), which immediately arrests the course of decomposition, and the meat, when dressed, will be found perfectly sweet, tender, and good, in every respect; in fact, better than if cured immediately after the animal was slaughtered. The old mode of salting meat was merely by the slow process of absorption, which, when decomposition had begun by the current passing from the centre outwards, no absorption could take place. It necessarily followed, that provision in such a state was invariably sacrificed. Hot meat could not heretofore be salted. Mr Carson will undertake to preserve the flesh of any animal that has just been killed, as his process drives out the warm gasses, and thus at once overcomes the obstacle so long deemed insuperable.

Any servant may use the instrument with ease. A few words, taken from Mr Carson's 'Directions,' will suffice to explain the simple method of its use:—"Insert the nipple or tube of the instrument into the centre of a clearly marked division in a piece of meat; hold the instrument firmly with the left hand upon or against the meat, to make a tight joint and to keep it steady; then draw up the piston or handle gently as far as it will draw; drive it down again with a smart motion; so work it thirty-five to fifty times per minute, until the pickle is seen to escape through the pores or surrounding parts of the meat."

TAX UPON PLAY TICKETS.

IN the middle of the last century it was proposed in some of the principal magazines of the time to put a tax on play tickets. How it would have succeeded then, when the attraction of Garrick and many performers might be calculated upon, who are now supposed to have been miracles of talent, whose equals have not since been seen, is only to be supposed; but the recent history of theatricals would not justify a hope that it would prove very productive. The reasoning on which the plan was urged is amusing, as well as the glimpse it affords us of the then scenes of public amusement in London.

"Abundance of single persons, who have their fortunes in the funds, pay little or nothing towards the support of the government. These frequenting very much all public diversions, by this tax would be obliged to contribute towards the public expense. Nobody can with reason object against this tax, because all who will may be exempt from it. I am persuaded that far the greatest part of the kingdom would approve of this way of raising money. Sure no thinking person could have so little share of public spirit as to grumble at or oppose it!

"I beg leave to offer a few hints towards a method how to execute it.

"No person whatsoever to be admitted into any place of public diversion without a stamped ticket, on forfeiture of ten pounds for every person admitted without one, to be paid by the master or proprietor of the place; half to the informer, and half to the poor of the parish. The person so admitted to be received as an informer; the information to be made within two days from the day of admittance before a justice of the peace; the fine to be laid by two justices of the peace, upon the oath of the informer, he producing one witness of his having been at that place where he swears he was so admitted. All tickets to be stamped *pro rata*, according to the price they are now at, viz., a box or pit ticket to the opera or oratorio to be stamped with

two one-shilling stamps and one sixpenny stamp; a gallery ticket for the opera to be stamped with one one-shilling stamp; a box ticket for the play to have one one-shilling stamp; a pit ticket for the play one nine-penny stamp; a first gallery ticket for the play, one sixpenny stamp; an upper gallery, or pigeon hole, or upper seat ticket for the play, to have one threepenny stamp. Tickets for Ranelagh or Vauxhall gardens to have each one threepenny stamp. Tickets for the booths of Bartholomew fair, Tottenham-court fair, &c., to have each one penny stamp. The like proportion to be observed in the diversions of Sadler's Wells, Goodman's fields, &c., as also in public concerts. The subscribers to the opera, &c., to pay a certain sum in proportion to the subscription."

Where shall we find the minor places now of entertainment above enumerated? All, with the exception of Sadler's Wells, have vanished "like the baseless fabric of a dream."

AAGER AND ELIZA.

THE Danish and Norwegian literature is rich in tales of supernatural wonders. Many of them have been imitated without acknowledgment by English writers. The poem quoted below will show that they have not excelled their masters:—

'Twas the valiant knight, Sir Aager,
He to the far island hied,
There he wedded sweet Eliza,
She of maidens was the pride.

There he married sweet Eliza,
With her lands and ruddy gold,
Woe is me! the Monday after,
Dead he lay beneath the mould.

In her bower sate sweet Eliza,
Scream'd, and would not be consol'd;
And the good Sir Aager listen'd,
Underneath the dingy mould.

Up Sir Aager rose, his coffin
Bore he on his bended back;
Tow'rd's the bower of sweet Eliza
Was his sad and silent track.

He the door tapp'd with his coffin,
For his fingers had no skin;
"Rise, O rise, my sweet Eliza!
Rise, and let thy bridegroom in."

Straightway answer'd fair Eliza:
"I will not undo my door
'Till thou name the name of Jesus,
Even as thou could'st before."

"Rise, O rise, mine own Eliza!
And undo thy chamber door;
I can name the name of Jesus,
Even as I could of yore."

Up then rose the sweet Eliza,
Down her cheek tears streaming ran;
Unto her, within the bower,
She admits the spectre man.

She her golden comb has taken,
And has comb'd his yellow hair,
On each lock that she adjusted,
Fell a hot and briny tear.

"Listen now, my good Sir Aager!
Dearest bridegroom, all I crave
Is to know how it goes with thee
In that lonely place, the grave?"

"Every time that thou rejoicest,
And art happy in thy mind,
Are my lonely grave's recesses,
All with leaves of roses lin'd.

"Every time that, love, thou grieve'st,
And dost shed the briny flood,
Are my lonely grave's recesses
Fill'd with black and loathsome blood.

"Heard I not the red cock crowing?
I, my dearest, must away;
Down to earth the dead are going,
And behind I must not stay.

"Hear I not the black cock crowing?
To the grave I down must go,
Now the gates of heaven are opening,
Fare thee well for ever moe."

Up Sir Aager stood, the coffin
Takes he on his bended back;
To the dark and distant churchyard
Is his melancholy track.

Up then rose the sweet Eliza,
Full courageous was her mood;
And her bridegroom she attended
Through the dark and dreary wood.

When the forest they had travers'd,
And within the churchyard were,
Faded then of good Sir Aager
Straight the lovely yellow hair,

When the churchyard they had travers'd
And the church's threshold cross'd,
Straight the cheek of good Sir Aager
All its rosy colours lost.

"Listen, now, my sweet Eliza!
If my peace be dear to thee,
Never thou, from this time forward,
Pine or shed a tear for me.

"Turn, I pray thee, up to heaven
To the little stars thy sight:
Then thou mayest know for certain
How it fareth with the knight."

Soon as e'er her eyes to heaven
To the little stars she rear'd,
Into earth the dead man glided,
And to her no more appear'd.

Homeward went the sweet Eliza,
Grief of her had taken hold;
Woe is me! the Monday after,
Dead she lay beneath the mould.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

LETTER I.

CHEMISTRY, considered even abstractedly, will always repay the ardent labours of the student; but when that science can be directed to some useful object,—to the accumulation of social or relative comforts,—the assistance of art and commerce, and especially to the prolongation of health, and the larger and cheaper production of the necessities of life, then does it become, indeed, the benefactor of our race.

It is our intention, in a series of plain and practical papers, to bring before our readers some of the fundamental laws of

chemical action, in order to explain to them many of those important changes which are continually going on in the great laboratory of nature, and which give rise to products affecting the vitality of both plants and animals.

It is a beautiful provision of nature that *nothing should be lost or destroyed*. Matter, so far as human agency is concerned, is *perfectly indestructible*. If we pile fuel upon our domestic hearth, or light a piece of paper, a candle, or a lamp, we are not *merely* supplying the heat or light necessary to our comfort, but, during the apparent destruction of the materials employed, we are agents in the hands of nature for the reproduction of two important compounds, *water and carbonic acid*; one the essential food of plants, the other necessary to the existence of both animals and vegetables. In the course of these papers, it will be more especially our duty to explain clearly the chemical changes which, during the combustion of common fires, give birth to the compounds to which we have already referred. However, even thus early, we would recommend one experiment, by means of which the production of water, while burning wood or paper, may be seen.

Take a cold dry glass vessel—a tumbler for instance—and invert it over the flame given off from a piece of wood or paper. The glass loses its transparency, owing to the condensation of watery vapour upon its sides. Thus, comparing small things with great, and remembering how large an amount of combustion must be going on throughout the whole world, we may form some idea of the vast quantity of water given off from flame. If chemistry could teach us this one practical truth, and no other, it would be worth years of laborious research, offering, as it does, to our minds, a most convincing proof of that wisdom which has created all things, and watches with untiring care the wants of every portion of organized life.

In order that we may render the subject of agricultural chemistry as intelligible as possible, it is our intention to adopt the following arrangement:—

We shall consider, first, the constitution of plants, and the nature of the elements entering into their composition.

Secondly. The nature of soils, and the sources from which they are produced and renovated.

Thirdly. The nature of the food upon which plants live, derived from the atmosphere and from the soil.

Fourthly. The changes which are produced in the atmosphere during combustion, respiration, and thunder storms, and which changes are necessary to the fertilization of the soil, and the vitality of the plant.

We shall, in treating these important

topics, avoid as much as we possibly can all unnecessary technicality and scientific detail, assuming that our papers will find their way, as well to the kitchen hearth of the plain husbandman, as to the drawing room of the more wealthy agriculturist.

Miscellaneous.

KNIGHT-ESSES OF THE GARTER.—There is reason to believe that as well as knights there were knight-*esses*, or ladies, of that order. In 1358 Queen Philippa, it appears from the Wardrobe accounts, received 500*l.* from King Edward, for her dress and that of her ladies, in which they attended the chapel in Windsor Castle, on Saint George's day, their attire being, it is presumed, the livery of the Garter. On the same authority we learn that in the days of his successor, in 1379, an order for ladies' habits for the feast of Saint George was made. Two thousand three hundred garters, bearing the well-known motto of "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," were prepared by command on that occasion, with robes and hoods of long woollen cloth, for the King, the Duke of Lancaster, and other Knights of the Garter, and "also for the King's mother, and other ladies newly received into the same society of the Garter, against the Feast of Saint George." "*Ladies of the fraternity of Saint George*" was the name at that time bestowed on the high-born dames admitted to the honour.

WHAT OATH SHOULD A FOREIGNER TAKE?—On the discussion of "The Oaths Validity Bill," June 15th, 1838, Lord Denman laid down, and strongly insisted on the principle that the forms proper to be used were those which the individual to be sworn held to be binding on his conscience, however strange they might appear to the natives of the country where he took the oath. This, he contended, was the common law of England. His lordship said he had taken the liberty of referring their lordships, the last time this subject was under discussion, to one of the most important and enlightened judgments that had ever proceeded from the distinguished men who presided over courts of justice in this country. The case was tried by Lord Hardwicke, and the question was, whether an individual swearing according to the Hindoo form was a competent witness. That learned judge felt the case to be a novel one, and he obtained the assistance of the heads of the other three courts in determining on the admissibility of a person as witness who swore in a form utterly abhorrent to our English notions and forms of Christianity. The arguments of Lord Mansfield, who was then Solicitor-General, and of Sir H. Ryder, were such as none of their lordships could read without great admiration and profit, if it so

happened that they had not looked into them already ; and the consequence of the trial was the full and complete settlement of the principle that the conscience of the individual was the only law to be resorted to in swearing him.

DR SCHONBEIN'S DESCRIPTION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—The Doctor, being at Windsor, got posted at a door leading to the park. After waiting some time, he says,—“At last two noble chargers stretched their proud heads through the narrow doorway. In an instant the expectant crowd ranged themselves in due order ; the hat flew from every male head ; a moment or two elapsed, and the maiden of twenty, on whom fell the singular lot of being called to reign over the mightiest nation in the universe, and to be the mistress of more than a hundred millions of human creatures, appeared mounted on a noble palfrey. The cavalcade was followed by a light calèche, drawn by four elegant little ponies, to be used in case the Queen should be tired by her ride. As her Majesty rode out quite slowly, and I had planted myself so close to the door, that the royal garments almost touched me, I was thus enabled to view the object of my curiosity with sufficient leisure to impress its image distinctly on my memory. Though it would be palpable exaggeration to describe the British Queen as the perfection of female beauty, it would, on the other hand, be as great a deviation from truth to deny her the possession of grace and of an attractive appearance. The expression of her roundish face has a certain fresh youthfulness, an engaging and truly feminine expression ; and her person appeared to me beautifully proportioned, and of more than common gracefulness—a point on which I had a good opportunity of judging, as the English riding dress displays the female bust better than any other. Placed as I was, so near the royal person, I did not fail, of course, to express my respect for her, not merely by uncovering, but by a low reverence, which was the occasion of procuring for my humble person (*meine Wenigkeit*) the unmerited honour of a benignant and condescending glance from her Majesty, and even besides this, the distinguished favour of a gracious nod.”

OPENING OF A ROMAN TUMULUS.—An interesting discovery, illustrative of the funeral customs of the Anglo-Romans, has been made in the parish of Rougham, on the estate of Mr Philip Bennet. At the corner of the two roads leading to Hessel and Bradfield Manger, and within a few feet of the highway, stands the half of a hill, called Eastlow hill, and a slight distance therefrom were two semicircular mounds, about 50 or 60 feet in diameter, covered with herbage and shrubs. The men belonging to Mr Levett's farm were

engaged in clearing away one of these mounds, to lay the soil upon the land, when, having come to the centre, the pick of the workmen broke into an oven-shaped cist or cavern, containing sepulchral remains. A hole, between three and four feet square, appears to have been first dug about three feet below the general level of the country. Four rows of red hollow tile bricks, each eleven inches long, about six inches wide, and seven inches deep, and nearly an inch thick, and having a circular hole in the middle of each end, were then placed on the soil, and covered over with large flat tiles. The whole was arched over with flat tiles, forming a chamber of about two feet and a half square and two feet deep, open at one end. Each tile was ornamented with two striated bands, placed diagonally from angle to angle, and crossing in the centre. In this chamber was a large square canister-shaped urn of emerald green glass, with a handle on one side. It was nearly sixteen inches high, and eight inches wide ; and was about half full of burnt bones. By the side of the urn was a large plain iron lamp, of the accustomed form, in length from the wick chamber to the handle nearly a foot. This part of the country must have been extensively occupied by the Romans, for patera, and pieces of pottery, swords, spurs, and other articles of iron have been frequently and for many years discovered within two feet of the surface in this part of Rougham, and within the adjoining parish of Whelnetnam. The land was common till within the last thirty years, and so many human bones were found, it is said, on removing part of the Eastlow hill, that the then owner of the estate (Mr Kedington) refused to permit any more of the hill to be cleared. Adjoining to the tumulus which has been opened is another, as yet quite undisturbed ; and near to them are the pits or trenches whence, it is probable, the soil was procured to heap up these simple and long-enduring resting-places.—*Suffolk Herald*.

The Gatherer.

Suspicion Removed.—Some years ago a noble duke was fleeced of a large sum of money at hazard, by means of false dice. The duke, suspecting the deceit, when the play was over put the dice into his waistcoat pocket, and retired to bed. The plunderers were alarmed lest they should be detected ; and resolved, therefore, when he should be asleep, to enter his bed room, take the false dice from his pocket, and put others in their place. As they threw dice to decide who should in this instance officiate, he on whom the lot fell ordered his domestic to invite the duke's servant who attended him to take a bottle of wine

with him below. When everything was quiet he proceeded to the bed room, where he found the duke asleep, and silently accomplished his purpose. His grace, on splitting the dice next morning, found them to be correct, and was satisfied.

Parliamentary Anachronisms.—Before the debates of Parliament were published as we now see them, the substance of what was said used to be given as orations made by Greek or Roman lawgivers or heroes. The effect was ludicrous enough, as Solon would occasionally refer to what had passed in the time of Queen Anne, Lycurgus would refer to Coke upon Littleton, and Cato would speak of the Conduit in Cheapside, and insist upon the necessity of repairing Newgate, or pulling down the Little Old Bailey.

Ingenious Torture.—In the prisons of the Inquisition in Spain, three kinds of torture were in use, of which that by water was the most agonizing. The patient was extended in a kind of trench or coffin open at the feet and at the head; his face was covered with a wet cloth, on which water was thrown, intended to filter drop by drop into the throat; and as the nose and mouth could not breathe through this cloth, which intercepted at once the air and water, the result was that on removing it the cloth and throat were found full of blood, from the small vessels which had burst.

Structure of Woman.—A handsome woman is not only the most beautiful spectacle in the world, she does not only entertain the sight more agreeably than any other object whatsoever, but she passes imperceptibly into the brain and heart, and inspires all with love and devotion at the same time. The reason is, her eyes are quick interpreters of her thoughts, and the spirituous rays of these have the same influence upon the soul as the beauty of her person has upon the sense. God is said to make man, but to build woman; and all anatomists agree, that her interior structure is full of wonders; as if the Creator had contrived in her, apartments as well for the reserve of the most precious curiosities, as the entertainment of a more sublime and spiritual essence.—*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1747.

Jack Ketch.—This *soubriquet* of the common hangman is perhaps not generally known to have been derived from Sir Richard Jaquett, of whom no other memorial exists but an almost illegible deed of the reign of King Edward VI, of England, wherein he is appointed "Lord of the Manor of Tyburne," with its appurtenances, including the gallows. It is to a corruption of Jaquett that antiquaries attribute Jack Ketch.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

French Literati.—De Launoy and Baillet, two learned critics, employed themselves in tracing the real histories of those who,

in times comparatively modern, had been named saints. Their labours cleared up a multitude of fables, false miracles, and fictitious stories; whence they got the name of *Denicheurs de Saints*—Unroosters of saints.

Singular Religious Institution.—In the last century a new religious fraternity started up, and was approved by the Pope, called the "Barefoot Clerks of the Passion of Jesus Christ." The religious of this order were bound by a particular vow to inculcate, in their missions and other exercises, a devotion to the passion of our Saviour.

Melancholy.—Why is it that, at the moment of deepest enjoyment, we often feel the most melancholy? What power does the pale, quiet planet, passing along in solitary grandeur, possess over the hidden springs of feeling, that she always disposes the heart to regret, and to memory, never to hope!—*Sketches of Corfu*.

"What's in a Name?"—The title of the 'Rambler' was so little understood at the time of its appearance, that a French journalist translated it, 'Le Chevalier Errant;' and when it was corrected to 'L'Errant,' a foreigner drank Johnson's health one day by innocently addressing him by the appellation of "Mr Vagabond."

Tarring and Feathering.—This ludicrous but painful punishment would appear to be an European invention, as one of Richard Cœur de Lion's punishments for sailors was, if any man were convicted of theft, or "pickery, he should have his head polled, and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft, that he might thereby be known for a thief."—*Holinshed*.

Scandal on Queen Elizabeth.—It is curious to note how fond the populace are of connecting the name of some great personage with the spots they themselves inhabit. Thus the people of Bisham believe to this day that Queen Elizabeth resided among them, and insist, notwithstanding the opinion of all the world to the contrary, that she died no maid. They point out in this church a small monument with the sculptured figures of two children, which they assert was erected by that princess in memory of twins, of which she was delivered in that village; of course they are but the old women of both sexes who believe this story, but it has been current for nearly two centuries and a half.—*Mackay*.

Interesting Discovery.—On the site of the old Julia Cæsarea, at Algiers, a fine statue of white marble has been found, representing a youth taking a thorn out of his foot: and near it a monument of a knight piercing a soldier with his lance, and above it an inscription in tolerable preservation.

Advantages of Travelling.—Of all the pleasures in this pleasant world, travelling is surely the most delightful; not only as it enhances the enjoyment of the present moment, but because it enables one to lay up in the mind's storehouse a series of pictures wherewith to amuse the after-hours of life, when we shall be quietly seated in the arm-chair of old age.

Town and Country Funerals.—Nothing can be more widely different in feeling and effect than town and country funerals. In town a strange corpse passes along amid thousands of strangers, and human nature seems shorn of that interest which it ought especially in its last stage to possess. In the country, every man, woman, and child goes down to the dust amid those who have known them from their youth, and all miss them from their place. Nature seems in silence to sympathise with the mourners. The green mound of the rural churchyard opens to receive the slumberer to a peaceful resting place, and the yews or lindens which he climbed when a boy in pursuit of bird's nest, moth, or cockchafer, overshadow, as it were, with a kindred feeling his grave.—*Howitt.*

Comparative Longevity.—There is nothing in the system of nature which appears so unintelligible as the scale of longevity. All that is known of domesticated animals tends to the strange result that longevity bears no relation to strength, size, complexity of organization, or intellectual power. Thirty is a great age for a horse; dogs usually live only from fourteen years to twenty; but the goose and hawk exceed a century. Fish, evidently a lower rank in creation than either, are longer lived than birds; it has been said of some species, and of certain snakes also, that they grow as long as they live, and as far as we know, live till some accident puts an end to their indefinite term of life. And the toad! it cannot, indeed, be said that the toad lives for ever, but many of these animals, who were cased up at the general deluge, are likely to live till they are baked in their cells at the general conflagration.—*Southey.*

—"I like a child that cries," said the Abbe Morelatt. "Why?" "Because then it will be taken away."

—On Friday, the 18th ult., the first stone of the Queen's College of Medicine, at Birmingham, was laid by the Principal, Dr Johnstone, assisted by Mr G. Drury, the architect. The visitor of the College is Dr Warneford, of whose beneficence it is another monument.

—The 'Medea' of Euripides, recently set to music by Taubert, was performed for the first time on the 7th inst., before a select audience, in the theatre of the palace at Potsdam. It was to have been performed publicly at the Opera House at Berlin; but this, we regret to learn, is im-

possible, that house having been burned to the ground on the 19th inst.

—Man in his present condition may be likened to a portrait copied from an original, there is the outline perfect, but the softer touches of pristine innocence are wanting. His moral symmetry is defective, having been severely injured by the fall.

—The Emperor of Russia, in testimony of the services which Mr Murchison has rendered by his geological researches in Russia, has, in addition to the decoration of St Anne, received in 1841, presented him with a vase of Hyaline quartz (Avanturine) upon a pedestal of porphyry, both extracted from the Altaic mountains, and wrought at Kolyvan. Also a plateau of watered damask steel, wrought at Stataust, in the Ural mountains, with gold ornaments in relief, representing the chief mining operations of those countries, and bearing a Russian inscription, of which the following is a translation:—"To the geologist Murchison, in testimony of his peculiar esteem, the administration of the mines of Russia."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. does not state what *Varnished Silk* he desires: one is prepared as follows:—

Pipe-clay (sifted through a silk sieve) 15 parts.

Letharge, ground in water (dried and sifted as before) 3 "

Lamp-black 1 "

Linseed oil, sufficient in quantity to make the mass into a paste. Spread the paste over the silk with a knife, which is made for the purpose, being flexible in the blade, and has two handles; when dry, any unevenness can be rubbed down with a piece of pumice stone and water; lastly, varnish it over with copal varnish. This silk is used for covering for hats, cloaks, &c.

Varnished Silk for sticking, or court, plaster, is made as follows:—Soak any quantity of isinglass for twenty-four hours in warm water; expose it to heat to dissipate a great part of the water. Supply the place of the water with alcohol, or proof spirit of wine, which will combine with the isinglass. Strain the whole through a piece of linen. Take care that the mass, when cool, shall have the consistency of jelly as used at table. When applied, warm it, and put it upon the surface of the silk with a badger-hair brush. You must apply stratum after stratum until you make the plaster of the required thickness of the preparation of isinglass. As soon as the whole is dry, varnish it with one or two coats of a strong tincture of the balsam of Peru. This is the real court plaster: spurious articles are made for sale.

Dyer.—Black and scarlet colours can be dyed in the following easy manner:—Dip the calico into a strong solution of acetate of iron. Dry it quickly, and put it by for two or three days. Wash it afterwards in hot water, then boil it for ten minutes in a strong decoction of Brazil wood; it will now be black. Dry it, and then take any device cut in wood which has attached to the pattern part a cloth which will absorb a small quantity of a solution of the muriate of tin. Press this on the black cloth, and the figure will assume a scarlet colour, the ground remaining black.

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